IS VERY SLIPPERY

Gilroy a Different Man Than He Is Represented.

An Unsuspected Millionaire—Why Depew Is Unwilling to Become a Candidate for Governor—A Power in National Politics.

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For some time past there have been rumors to the effect that Mayor Thomas F. Gilroy contemplated a long sojourn abroad, and when the departure of Richard Croker for Europe was announced the first impression was that there had been a mistake of names. This supposition seemed the more likely in view of the fact that the charges brought against Gilroy in connection with alleged corruptions in the city government of New York have been of a nature to clear him of any downright law breaking. For Gilroy is one of the most acute men in Tammany, and would hesitate to place himself in a compromising position for very obvious reasons. It is certain that any investigating committee would find it hard to get him in its clutches.

THOMAS F. GILROY.

Now, however, there come stories bearing every semblance of verity, and which are indorsed by competent authority, to the effect that for over a year past Mr. Gilroy has been arranging for a trip to Europe at the expiration of his term, and that this trip will last many months. This is one reason, according to some, for the peculiar investments the mayor has been making, and for the care he has taken to conceal the nature of his property from everyone. Few persons, for instance, are aware that Mr. Gilroy is wealthier than Richard Croker. All his fortune has been made out of Tammany, and consists of real estate, stocks, bonds and gilt edged securities generally. The real estate is nearly all in the name of the mayor's wife, but his investments in stocks are made through a broker. As recently as six months ago Mr. Gilroy made a transfer of some of his investments to new securities, and the amount thus involved amounted to $200,000.

In addition to that he took an interest in two trust companies which managed to control east side business in realty through his efforts and cleared tens of thousands of dollars. Besides this there is a water company and a gas concern in which the mayor has felt a lively interest for nearly a year. The mayor's favorite way is to take a small financial interest in a corporation which needs municipal influence for its success, to boom its stock through his favor as official head of the city and when the price goes up to sell out at a respectable profit. Even the politicians who surround Mayor Gilroy would be astonished to learn that his income has averaged forty thousand dollars a year during the past six years. His fortune to-day is at least one million five hundred thousand dollars, in assets which can be traced very easily as his, but so shrewd has the mayor been that even those who know him best can scarcely credit the fact.

The mayor lives like a prince in a quiet way. His stables are luxurious, and his home in the city, while modest outside, contains splendid evidences of wealth. His country home is not so elaborate interiorly but it is certainly pretentious. The mayor is becoming quite literary and has a fine library. His sons, as is well known, are doing well, or rather one of them is. His wife wears finer diamonds than any woman in New York, and on one occasion showed them so conspicuously in a parlor car as to arouse the hostility of a Tammany politician's wife who was in the same conveyance, and thus began some rumors that the gentleman who looks so brave as grand sachem when he wears the high hat of his office, might have trouble in explaining where he gets all his wealth.

Gillam's Renown Embarrassing.

Bernhard Gillam, the cartoonist, is becoming one of the powers of metropolitan life, a fact which is perceived by an increasing number of New Yorkers, somewhat to the artist's own embarrassment. As the leading pictorial advocate of the republican party, it is natural that he should come in contact with his party's leaders, and, through his intimacy with Whitelaw Reid, Levi P. Morton, Thomas B. Reed and others as powerful, he is now a prominent party man. His influence is so quietly exerted, however, that its existence is not suspected except by the few who have occasion to discover it.

CARTOONIST.

In addition to his fame in this direction is the renown his cartoons have won for him. This renown causes him to be besieged by the fathers and mothers of aspirants for artistic fame; and they come to his studio in unpleasantly large numbers for his advice in educating a young man or young woman who wishes to be a cartoonist. Gillam's own opinion is that young women are not desirable subjects for aid in this way, as they seldom continue in their artistic career. He explains the fact by their tendency to get married, and domestic life effectively ends any longings for a career with the pencil. Thus it follows that he receives the young women coldly, but as the encourager of many rising young men in the art world of New York he has won quite a reputation. To have Gillam for patron is enough to make a young reputation.

Gillam is one of the few artists in this country whose pencil has made him a power in national politics.

The Conductor as a Power.

The railway conductors whose trains roll into New York are now another recognized power in the metropolis. This is owing to their influence with the passengers who use their trains with more or less regularity, and who invariably are guided by their advice in such matters as the selection of a hotel or the purchase of one thing or another. This fact is well understood among the tradesmen, and quite a competition has arisen among them for the good word of the gentlemen in uniform. Some of these men are quite well acquainted with the leading men of the nation, and have won for themselves almost a national reputation.

It is well known that when special trains are wanted for whole parties it is always insisted that certain conductors shall be chosen to run them. Benjamin Harrison has his own favorite and the Vanderbilts have one also. James Buckley, President Cleveland's favorite conductor, has taken the chief magistrate out of New York on many occasions, but he is also in high favor with the Astors, whose train he runs regularly whenever they go on a voyage by rail. Sarah Bernhardt is particularly devoted to one man in the service in this country, and when he is sick she requires a recommendation from him before any man can run her train. Henry Irving usually left the selection of his hotel to his conductor when our land was new to him, and so on throughout the train service. One way in which reputations are thus won by conductors is the fact that they are never wrecked or meet with accidents. Buckley and his confreres owe their preeminence in no small degree to this fact.

Dan Beard's Imagination.

John Jacob Astor ascribes the success of his recent book largely to the effective pictures which Dan Beard made for it. He has not hesitated to declare, on such occasions as the unusually graphic style of the work have brought it commendations, that were it not for the effect these pictures had upon the fancy of the casual spectator, the sale of the book in stores and on stands would not be nearly as great as it is. His intention is to have some few of Beard's pictures framed and hung upon the walls of his magnificent library.

DAN BEARD.

Beard is still in the prime of life, and is one of the few American artists to strike out in a distinctively original field. His studio is a quaint storeroom of all that is unique, and although this observation is more or less applicable to artists' studios in general, it can be applied to his par excellence. Beard is now at work upon pictures for a book, which, in the fame of its author and the unique nature of its subject, will eclipse in popular interest the now celebrated effort of Mr. Astor. But Beard is a most discreet artist, and it would be impossible for anyone to get from him anything like a notion of what the coming book is about.

The imaginative faculty is the one thing which seems most needed to make a successful artist, but so far it has not seemed to be a conspicuous endowment of any artist in New York until Dan Beard's rise to fame. He is one of the few American illustrators with a European reputation.

New York's Laughing Philosopher.

The rumor connecting the name of Chauncey M. Depew with the nomination for the office of governor of New York state has become widespread, but so far it has not aroused in the deportment of the gentleman chiefly concerned anything more significant than a broad smile. Depew's habit of passing off everything concerning which he is unwilling to talk with this broad smile of his has earned for him the title of New York's laughing philosopher. The crowds who wait outside his office door every day can always tell whether he is in or not by listening intently to what may be audible within, and if the sounds of laughter come through the closed portal the assurances of the young men in the ante-room do not avail to throw any light on the subject of his presence or absence. Depew's laugh is not a forced affair, but comes from him heartily and genuinely.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

As to whether he will really run for governor or not there is much speculation, but it appears that during the past week developments in the political arena have determined the great railroader to decline the honor of a nomination, for Mr. Depew feels that his influence would be greater in the counsels of the party if he continued as at present—a mere participant in the efforts to carry the party ticket.

Hence, whatever may seem to be likely in the next few weeks it may be set down as a certainty that Depew has concluded not to let his name go before the convention, in spite of the fact that he was almost persuaded to run at one time.

DAVID WECHSLER.

Uncertain.

Bell—What day are you to be married?

Nell—The dressmaker hasn't decided yet—Truth.

Tears.

Tears more effective are than words
From many an Eve's daughter,
Which shows that oftentimes the wind
Less powerful is than water.

—Judge.

CITY BY THE SEA

First Glimpses of Newport for the Season of 1894.

Yachting Is in the Air Just Now—Gowns at the Casino and Costumes on the Lawn—Newport Belles and Flowers.

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]

A touch of heat has driven everyone from town; everyone, that is, who is not at the last moment held by preparations delayed; everyone except the million and a half or more who must stay, whatever the heat. And these do not count, in the chronicles of the day.

Newport is yet dull, I'm told, though its dullness is not apparent; waiting for the return of more wanderers from abroad. Shoals of rich Americans but waited for Derby day to join the procession home. These are now filling Newport and Lenox and will soon make moderately merry the hearts of the summer resort tradesmen.

But there are more to come. The whole aspect of foreign travel is changing for the darlings of fortune. Once they went abroad for the "grand tour," as even yet do the multitude; "waddled through the Louvre," in the words of the poet, climbed Mont Blanc and sailed on Lake Geneva. Now a dip into the season in London and a hasty shopping expedition in Paris complete a foreign outing and a trip which begins in March ends in May or early June, in season for the weddings and the country resorts. Climate has less to do with flitting ways than fashion, and culture or widening views least of all. The inner circle of London society is far more vicious and not one whit more intelligent than our own, but it is London, the only London.

The much talked of Hope Goddard-Oliver Iselin wedding was really the beginning of the Newport season, though it happened in Providence. From its glories many of the guests went straight to Newport by one of the absurd little steamers that ply the beautiful bay. Then the cottages were opened for their owners and rugs were beaten and curtains aired and tennis nets put up and awnings spread, and

A CASINO WRAP.

lawns bloomed with their brightest flowers. Newport excels all other American resorts in flowers. Its air is moist and cool and works hand in hand with great wealth to make the cliff walk one of the most beautiful strolls on earth, with its velvet lawns and brilliant gardening on one side and the blue sea and sky and white spray and sprouting foam and barnacled rocks and waving seaweeds on the other. Nowhere else are nature and fashion in such close touch.

The little city of Newport is not big enough to overrun the place with hoodlums, even if it were not to everybody's interest to keep it quiet, and is too far for many excursions from New York and Boston. The summer cottages alone are worth far more money than the entire old town, with its memories of dead and gone commerce. It dominates the place. A former mayor in his message expressed the general Newport view when he said the town wanted no factories or other industries to drive the summer folks away. What factories could make up for "cottages" assessed for twenty million dollars and worth much more?

So it is wildly and naturally beautiful. June roses linger until August by the lovely drives, and within sight of the splendid homes along shore I have picked quantities of the most luscious wild strawberries I have ever seen. At one point where an outlet of the sea runs beneath the cliff walk a driving northeast storm always covers the lawn of a swell cottage near by with huge flecks of foam. The place is restful. There is plenty of enjoyment, but hours are less late than in town, the murmur of the sea tempts to long slumber, and the balm of the air has healing.

To me the least interesting feature of the place is that which every stranger wishes first to see—Bellevue avenue. There is little to notice here except that the high iron gates of Willie Vanderbilt's marble palaces are kept as closely shut as ever. One must drive by less famous streets to notice that the Goelet chateau is at last finished, and to see the melancholy ruins of "The Breakers" at Ochre Point. But true, at the other end of Bellevue avenue, or rather near its middle, for the northern end is nothing, one comes to the casino, amusement center and theater for the display of lovely gowns beyond number.

It is unusually cool in the sea-surrounded town, and cloaks and light wraps are useful. I saw at the casino one of apparently English manufacture which won me by its striking color scheme. It is made of white corded silk, with queer patterns outlined in turquoise beads, and collars and revers of ivory white point lace. Turquoise blue satin for trimmings bore out the color of the turquoise beading, and there is about the neck a ruche of ribbon ending in becoming and modish bow ends, the long, long ends of '94.

Very pretty too, seen at the casino, was a black gown which would look hot anywhere else but here was most appropriate. It was of black moire, with heavy white embroidery about the hem and along the edges of the square collar, and a jacket with big buttons and a cutaway basque-like skirt. For a little way below the jacket edge, down each side of the skirt, was run a strip of black velvet with smaller buttons.

If I were a designer of gowns I would sit upon the rocks below the cliff walk, near its southern end, and watch the seaweed as the water rose and fell, as the long waves lifted the swaying strands and washed them back and forth, and then receded, leaving them glistening in the sunlight, draping the rocks in rainbow hues. Or I would find in still pools the most glorious reds and browns and greens. Or catch the color of the blue waves and wed it to the white lace of the dashing surf on the outer reef. Perhaps that modiste had done this who fashioned a wonderful light and shimmering dress admired at a piazza party. It is of pompadour brocade, the white ground adorned by stripes of lustrous silver, and waved ribbon lines and knots in blue, holding up festoons of yellow roses. It is bordered at the sides with broad blue moire ribbon, and worn over a bodice and petticoat of white chiffon, veiling tea rose yellow silk. The bodice is almost covered with filmy yellowish lace which shows again in the elbow sleeves. The collar band is of yellow moire antique, and there is at the waist a butterfly-shaped bow of the same fabric, fastened by a large diamond buckle, the long ends falling to the feet. The back is arranged in three plaits, which almost suggest a bustle. That now is a dress whose color, pale but rich, will win praise anywhere.

Piazzas are the chief home delights of Newport. A city house has ample spaces, broad grates, beautiful pictures, but never these great out-of-door rooms, screened from impertinent gaze by green vines and overlooking beautiful scenes. The piazza gowns and the yachting gowns fill a big part in a Newport wardrobe. Sackcloth without the ashes is a popular material for piazza gowns. Pique is sometimes used in combination with it in picturesque disregard of their warring natures. So is linen used with serge, duck with rough faced cloths—all outer combinations. I remember a charming piazza dress, fit for many summer occasions, which had a perfectly plain gray sackcloth skirt, diagonal cut bodice and leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Piquancy was added by huge pique sash streamers in big checks floating behind, and a touch of the same material emphasized each side of the bodice front. A wide round collarette and slightly shirred bodice front led the eye up to a flat hat perched coquettishly awry.

No more does womankind inquire: "Is my hat on straight?" Better if it is not. Something of rakishness in the air is admissible. Men and women, too, have brought home this freak from London. The swagger young man tilts his bell-crown dicer a trifle over the left eye. The swagger young woman canta her head covering to either side at will.

Yachting is in the air of Newport. The great local cup races—the Goelet and Brenton's Reef—come off at the end of summer, but it is nothing for this yachting, semi-aquatic people to make up parties and run down to New York or up to Boston for the summer regattas. Nothing in all the range of fashion's material holds its own like serge. Blue serge, white flannel, white duck, curls and crimps, carefully battened down—there you have the summer girl afloat. Yachting gowns show the influence, the ebb and flow, of modistical tides, but except for wider and ampler skirts and longer jackets, they are much as they always were, and yachting caps are kept in favor by utility as well as favor.

The swells talk, now and then, about hard times, and sometimes whisper that so and so is economical with his champagne. Is that a disadvantage?

ELLEN OSBORN.

Domestic Repartee.

Mrs. B.—I saw such a lovely bonnet down town to-day. I have half a mind to get it.

Mr. B.—That lets me out.

Mrs. B.—What do you mean?

Mr. B.—You will never be able to supply the other half.—Brooklyn Life.

KNOCKED OUT IN ONE ROUND.

Setter—Hello, Bully, what's the matter? Toothache?

Bulldog—Naw. Tried to bite a Chicago drummer's cheek.—Judge.

Undeserved.

The cannibal picked his teeth reflectively.

"Of course," he observed, "I have eaten worse flesh than that of the late governor, but—"

He selected a cigar with a perfecto shape.

"—I can't understand why they always said 'your excellency' when they addressed him."—Truth.

WRITER OF FAME

The Story of Her Life, Work and Experience.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart—An Observer of Life and Not a Reader of Books—Influence of Negro Superstition on White Children—New Orleans as a Literary Center.

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THE rapidity with which literary reputations are now made is something marvelous. Almost every week produces some new "successful" novel which everybody rushes off to buy and read, while editors and reporters pursue the fortunate, or it may be, unfortunate, author with requests for contributions and interviews. In the case of Miss Beatrice Harraden, of "Ships That Pass in the Night" fame, this state of affairs reached an absurd point. Even before she had landed from her steamer, Miss Harraden was run down by people in search of her views on American literary matters, and during a brief visit near Yonkers, N. Y., made for the purpose of obtaining a little rest, it was a current jest that the woods of Westchester county were full of lost messenger boys and strayed sub-editors in search of Miss Harraden. At first sight it would seem that the old conditions of American barbarity had returned, and the incident might well tempt the satire of some new Dickens, were it not that our English cousins are tarred with the same stick themselves now.

In no such fashion has the literary reputation of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart been gained. Hers has been a steady advance in favor, as the excellence of her literary work has forced itself on popular appreciation. She has lived quietly in New York for nearly four years, busily occupied with her pen, and it is only recently that she

RUTH M'ENERY STUART.

has become personally known to more than a limited circle. Within the past season or two she has given a number of parlor readings, however, and the appearance of a second notable volume of short stories by her, "Carlotta's Intended, and Other Tales," renders a slight sketch of her life and surroundings fitting and desirable.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart was born in Avoyeles parish, Louisiana. This parish is situated about in the center of the state. Her mother's family, the Sterlings, had always lived there; they were planters and large slave holders. Her grandmother's people, the Rouths, were also southerners and slaveholding people. She was taken to New Orleans as a child, where her grandfather held a leading position as a banker and where her father engaged in mercantile pursuits, and she remained in that city and vicinity until her marriage. As in the case of all members of old families in the southern states, Mrs. Stuart is widely connected with people of prominence in Louisiana affairs, past and present, but, as was so universally the case with these same old families, her people were impoverished by the war and her schooling ended shortly after that event. Mrs. Stuart attended the private and public schools of the place and time, and she tells me that parents were then glad to avail themselves of any educational privileges that could be obtained for their children, so demoralized was the condition of the south.

"The recollections of my childhood," Mrs. Stuart said, "are very strange and troubled; it is as if the atmosphere upon my mental canvas were dimmed with the fire and smoke of war, and only in spots do I seem to get a glimpse of individual experiences back of it all that are recorded there.

"I never was a great reader. I was fonder of people than of books. Really, people interested me more than books, though I had my favorite authors, as every girl has—still I was not a great reader.

"I have always felt interested in the common folk, but never thought seriously about writing them up until after my husband's death. It was in 1887 when I first thought about writing, and in 1888 my first story was published. I sent two stories to the Harpers. It was in this way: I wrote an anonymous letter to them, and in reply received a very pleasant note from Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who afterwards sent one of my stories to Prof. Sloane, of the Princeton Review, and kept one for Harper's Magazine. The Princeton Review thus happened to be the first magazine to print a story for me.

"During my married life I lived on my husband's plantation in Arkansas, and most of my negro character studies have come from my association with the negroes while there. We lived right among them—there were hundreds of negroes to one white person. My Arkansas life covered about five years, from 1879 to late in 1883.

"As to writing dialect, I did not do it intentionally; I simply wrote dialect stories because when I demanded of myself a story it was the recollection of the negroes which made it possible for me to write it. I could not help writing dialect.

"There seems to be a popular impression—not among literary people, who know better, but among the people generally—that dialect is a recommendation to a story, whereas the reverse is really the fact."

"Did the negroes convey superstitions beliefs to the children in their charge, Mrs. Stuart?"

"Many times, yes; and yet it was not so much so in my own experience. The old woman who had been my mother's nurse, old Aunt Fanny, (she was never called 'mammy' in the family), seemed to have few superstitions—indeed, I believe I can recall but two that made any special impression upon me; one was that the cry of a black cat was the sure sign of death. She would say to the children:

"'De day yo' gran'ma Stirlin' died a grea' big black cat come a-meanderin' 'long onconcerned, payin' no 'tention tell he come by de front hall do'. Den he gi'e one look inside an' he say miaow! des so.'

"This was always given with telling effect and gave us children the 'cold shivers.'

"'Den,' she continued, 'we knowed death was on de way. An' Miss (mistress) she turned whiter'n what she was already—an' one month f'om dat day she answered de call.'

"Aunt Fanny was nothing if not dramatic. Her other superstition was about spilling salt.

"'Ef you spilis salt,' she would say, 'it's sho' to make trouble 'less'n you th'ows a pinch of it in de fire an' de flames 'll quar'l an' fuss. Dat'll take de dispute off o' yo' hands.'"

"Did these little superstitions make an impression upon you personally, Mrs. Stuart?"

"Well, perhaps so. I confess I have dropped a pinch down a lamp-chimney, in lieu of fire, since I have come down to taking my warmth from the register. I do not quite believe in it, you know, but when peace is at stake and salt is cheap—well, I just do it. The little lamp flares up, and life moves easily. If I split salt and do not throw a pinch into the fire, I should have to be mollifying the fates or the gods in one way or another. But, joking aside, it is strange how so slight a thing could impress a child's mind, so that I, for instance, thirty years afterward, laughing while I do it, actually pour salt on a gas flame—I did that yesterday. However, it is really more sentiment than superstition. The time I learned this the air was full of yellow butterflies, the bees were droning, and everything was lovely. So, when I do it, I realize once more Aunt Fanny and my childhood day; it seems somehow to make communication with the long ago when we played with the picayune roses in the old garden."

"Is there not considerable literary activity in New Orleans at present, Mrs. Stuart?"

"Yes, the city is quite well represented just now as regards literary matters and there has been quite an awakening within the past few years. Some of the authors down there are Miss Grace King, Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis, Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend and her daughter, Mrs. Adele Townsend Stanton, who is doing some charming work, and of course, Mr. Cable, although he is no longer a resident. Then we have Judge Gayarre, who wrote the 'History of Louisiana,' Dr. William M. Holcombe, who has recently died, and his daughter, Mrs. Ada Holcombe Alken, who is beginning to be known there as one of the younger poets. These writers really have formed a literary center for the south. There is, I think, more literary activity in New Orleans than at any other point in the south. There are a great many literary clubs. A few of them have been in existence several years and have done good work. The 'Quarant' has a large membership, composed chiefly of society women. Then there is the 'Geographic,' numbering among its members a good many literary women; the membership is small, but they really do serious work."

Mrs. Stuart's first book, "A Golden Wedding and Other Tales," was published, as I remember, just a year ago. It brought the author very high commendations from the press, but nothing which pleased her so much as a casual remark made by Herbert Spencer in regard to one of the stories, to the effect that there were touches in it equal to George Eliot.

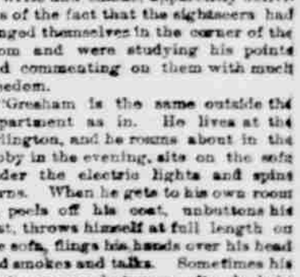
ARTHUR STEDMAN.

GRESHAM ANALYZED.

Conduct of the Secretary of State as a Man and Public Officer.

A couple of newspaper men who have been studying Gresham as secretary of state put down these impressions of him in a book they have lately published:

"Gresham is the first secretary of state we have ever had who did not allow himself to become submerged in the peculiar atmosphere of the department as soon as he began to breathe it. He is the first man to conceive that there is nothing vitally distinctive or sacred about the place to make it radically different from any other department of the government. Gresham takes hold of the business of state in the same spirit that he might take hold of a big case at law or that he might have grappled with a sizable contract while he was in charge of the postal service. He does not approach diplomatic questions with a feeling of awe, and does not regard the emissaries of foreign powers as invested with sacred attributes. He regards it as a great joke to keep the representative of a little South American republic cooling his heels in the corridor while he is spinning yarns with Hoosiers in the diplomatic room. There was never a diplomatic cabinet officer who adorned himself with fewer official frills.



WALTER Q. GRESHAM.

"Not long ago a convention of clergymen was in town. Gresham had started out to cabinet meeting with a lighted cigar in his mouth, as usual, and his hat tipped back on his head. Just as he reached the state department elevator he bethought himself of something, and went back to his desk to attend to it. He sat down and began writing, with hat and cigar still in evidence. While he was writing in walked a delegation of the reverends. Gresham glanced up, saw that his visitors had no business in particular, turned to his desk again and continued to write and smoke, apparently oblivious of the fact that the sightseers had ranged themselves in the corner of the room and were studying his points and commenting on them with much freedom.

"Gresham is the same outside the department as in. He lives at the Arlington, and he roams about in the lobby in the evening, sits on the soft under the electric lights and spins yarns. When he gets to his own room he peels off his coat, unbuttons his vest, throws himself at full length on the sofa, flings his hands over his head and smokes and talks. Sometimes his boots are on, but more often he is in his stocking feet. If anybody knocks at the door he sings out 'Come in,' without taking the trouble to get up."

The Way to Tell an Orange.

Big oranges are not good. They are all skin and fiber. If you want "a yellow cup of wine" buy small fruit; that is, fruit that runs one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred to the box. Weigh it in the hand and take the heaviest. Sweet, sound oranges are full of wine and sugar and very heavy. A thin, smooth skin is a good sign. Wide, deep-pored skins are unmistakable signs of a coarse, spongy article. Bright yellow oranges usually cost more than russet, because they are prettier. When the commission merchant buys in a hurry he saves time by taking an orange between his hands and squeezing it to death. If it runs a cup of wine he takes as much of the cargo as he needs; if it runs dry he cuts the price or refuses to trade. There is no surer way to tell the real value of an orange, mandarin or grape fruit.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Peddler—Have you any daughters, mum?

Housekeeper—Sir!

"Please, mum, I don't ask out of vulgar curiosity, mum. I'm selling resolutions."

"What are they?"

"You hang one up in the hall, mum, and it so magnifies every sound that a good night kiss sounds like a cannonshot."

"Give me three."—N. Y. Weekly.